

Valenpines Day

A Gravity Falls, Pinecest fic

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epub complied by **Azdaema** as part of the **Pinecest Archive** project

It starts as a low grumble, barely audible. A tickling at the edge of his senses, immediately categorized as something not worth addressing, not when he has so much work to finish up. But with every flip of a page through *Calculus: Concepts and Contexts* it stops and starts again, just a bit louder, a fraction more jarring. Soon it becomes annoying, then worrying, then disheartening, until it crescendos to a sharp, high pitched keening that's sapping his focus and blurring the neat map of numbers in his head, and finally he can't take it anymore.

"Mabel, cut it out, I'm trying to do my homework!"

She whines one more time from underneath the pillow on his bed behind him, the full force of her diaphragm behind it, and he hears her stamp her feet on the sheets. "You can't quiet down HEARTBREAK, Dipper!"

She manages it anyway, calming back down to a more subdued whimper, and he sighs. It's not the first time she's been like this, which is how he knows it's not SERIOUS, but it's always hard to see it. Or, hear it in this case. He doesn't know the specifics of what happened, but he figured out enough from the way she busted into his room a few minutes ago screaming "UGH, STUPID *BOYS*," before collapsing onto his bed in a huff. Another romance down the drain, and she was working through it in the way she needs to do. He just, wishes she could be a little quieter about it.

He puts pencil back to paper and goes back to writing, doing his best to ignore the mumbles behind him. There's not really much he can do for her at the moment except let her vent it out, maybe distract her with sugar or video games once the sadness exhaustion sets in. He's just... not

sure he can give her the words or advice she needs, right now. Plus, he really DOES need to finish this homework.

“Dipper,” she says a few minutes later, voice unobstructed by cotton and mostly holding steady, “why are boys the worst?”

Ah man, guess this one was a bit rougher than her past failures. It probably didn’t help that whatever happened, happened a few days before Valentine’s Day, the only day that can give Christmas a run for its money on the ‘*Mabel Holiday Favorites*’ list. “Dunno Mables,” he says as he flips to the back of his book for some reference formulas, “we just are. Sorry.”

“Blagh. Always stupid and mean and rude and handsy...”

His pencil freezes. That’s... not a good set of words to hear. Even worse, it’s not the only time she’s used those exact descriptors. And the last time that happened, it took her weeks to get back into the dating pool, which is a pretty long time in the Mabel Romance Timescale.

He drops his pencil to the desk and spins his chair to face her. She’s splayed out over his mussed up sheets, pillow held tight against her chest and her eyes watery as they stared up at the ceiling. He purses his lips.

“...Did anything happen?” he asks hesitantly.

Her head shakes side to side and he lets out a breath. “No. Not that that *jerkface* with his dumb jerky face full of jerk didn’t try.”

His frown deepens. This kinda thing’s been happening more and more recently. It’s no surprise Mabel can be a little... *fickle* about her paramours, and she’s burned

through quite a number of them in the past few years, but she's never gone in with anything other than the best intentions. Not everyone *gets* it though, and every once in a while he hears a few whispers in the hallways—among *some* people she's got an unearned and undeserved reputation, one that a certain class of guys keeps trying to take advantage of. And Mabel, always seeing the good in people, gives them the benefit of the doubt, only getting pain and heartache in return. It wasn't fair.

This is one of those times he wishes he was BIGGER, stronger, scarier. The kind of person who could threaten and intimidate the kind of people who hurt his sister like that, something more than just the glaring looks and sarcastic jabs he actually manages. It's not like they don't deserve it. But he knows she wouldn't like that anyways, knows she probably told them off better than he ever could. If only she didn't have to.

So, no getting into fistfights over his sister's honor for him. He's got other things he can do anyways, way more useful things.

The metal and plastic of the chair creaks as he lifts himself out of it and he goes to sit on the edge of the bed, settling in sideways so that he can run his hand against the top of her head in soft, smooth pets. Her eyelids shut and her chin tilts up to rub against his motions, and for a little while he helps her massage away the misery.

"Sorry you had to deal with that, Mabel. You deserve better than jerks like that."

"Then why's it that jerks is all I get?"

He wished he could give her good answer to that. All he can offer is platitudes. "You'll... find someone who

appreciates you, Mabe. Someday." He brushes some of her hair away from her face. "You deserve it more than anyone."

The corners of her mouth tick up the slightest bit and he considers it a win.

A few moments later she tilts her head further back and opens her eyes, catching his. "Thanks, Dip."

He shrugs. "Hey, I'm just telling the truth. You just hafta... keep trying, I guess."

"Yeah, I know..." She lets out a heavy sigh and starts pounding her palms against the pillow on her chest. "I'm just... sick of all the *pressure* and *expectation*, y'know? Why can't I just go watch a movie or grab a bite to eat with someone without the whole *it's-a-date-and-we-gotta-figure-out-FEELINGS* thing hangin' over our heads?"

Dipper scratches the back of his neck. "Sooo you... just wanna, hang out with someone? I'm pretty sure you've got loads of people you can do that with, Mabe. Heck, I think you just described most of our days together."

Her eyebrows furrow as she considers some unvoiced thought, before they shoot up excitedly, eyes as wide open as her quickly returning smile. Her whole body follows suit, lurching up in one surprisingly smooth and graceful motion, forehead bucking his hand away, and she spins on her legs so that she's facing him.

"Omigosh, you're right, Dipdop! I should go on a date with YOU!"

What.

"What."

“It’s perfect! If YOU take me on a date then neither of us have to worry about all those ROMANTIC complications!”

Mabel just took a whole lot of wrong turns to get wherever she was and he finds himself scrambling to follow her trail. “That... still sounds like you just wanna hang out. Is that what you want? We can just do that if you want, Mabel.”

She groans into the pillow before plopping it back in her lap. “No, I wanna go on a date! I want the MOOD, the PAGENTRY, the ROMANCE! Just, without the actual romance part!”

“Mabel that doesn’t...” He rubs his eyes with two fingers. “Can’t you just ask one of your friends for that? That seems... waaay better than asking your brother.”

She rolls her eyes. “Pfft, like I can trust any of them *not* to fall in love with me. It’s gotta be you, brobro!” She hops a bit closer to him on the bed. “Now c’mon, just take me out on a date already!”

“Mabel, I’m NOT taking you out on a date!”

“Ah calm down, it’ll be a non-date date! Geez, what’s the big deal??”

“A-all of it, the whole thing! This whole idea is weird, you’re not supposed to go on dates with your brother!”

Her shoulders fall and the happy smile slides off her face. “Yeah well, I’m also not supposed to go on dates with buttheads but that seems to keep happening...”

He’s still lost and adrift in whatever flow Mabel’s gotten him into, but the sentiment shoves things right into focus.

Mabel's an expert at working through a breakup, but she's only human, and there was bound to be a moment where it all really *is* too much for her, when her failures weigh just a bit too heavily on her (well, *other people's* failures, as far as he's concerned). It wouldn't even be the first time she's gotten to that point, really; he remembers the time she nearly erased her summer romances right out of her head. He doesn't think she's *there* again, but this recent thing must've hit her hard, if she's talking like that.

And, well. He *told* himself, way back then, that he'd do whatever it takes to Mabel never had to feel like that again. *Whatever it takes.*

He slaps his palm on his face and drags it down with a sigh. "Mabel... do you... wanna go on a date with me?"

Her head jerks up and her smiles blooms back open with an excited gasp, and she lurches forward to barrel into him, arms letting go of the pillow and wrapping around his chest. "YES! Thank you thank you *thank you*, you're the best brother ever!"

"*Agh,*" he groans breathlessly, though his arms still curl around her back. "*Mabel... too hard...*"

"Sorry Dipdop, you just gotta deal with it," she says easily, like her crushing him takes no effort, "this is how I hug ALL my dates!"

Suddenly he understands half of her breakups.

She keeps a hold of him until he starts turning purple, and lets him go with a squeal. He takes a moment to catch his breath while she jumps off the bed and wiggles in front of him, her hands clasped together against her cheek in what HAD to be an exaggerated gesture. "AAH, I'm so

excited! Valentine's date with mah brobro!" She flicks her index finger into finger guns and points them at him. "Pick me up at MY place in two days, 5 o'clock! Got it?"

"W-wait," he says, holding out his hands, "you wanna do this on Valentine's day?"

"Uh, doi! When else you gonna go on a date?" Her fingers go back to her face, palms rubbing against her cheeks happily. "Eee, I can't wait to see where you take me!"

"I have to plan the whole thing too?!"

"Of COURSE, silly! YOU'RE the one who asked ME out! See you then, Dippinsauce!"

She rushes out of the room before he can even retort that they'll probably see each other a number of times until then, leaving him sitting there on his bed, confused and overwhelmed and unsure about what the heck just happened and how he's supposed to feel about it.

His arms plop to the bed. He stays still for nearly a minute before he lifts himself up and drops back in the chair by his desk. He shoves aside his textbook and pulls over his laptop, clicking it open with a sigh, and after waking it up he types "date ideas" into the search engine.

He taps Enter, and groans. He really *did* have a lot of homework to do.

Two days later he's knocking on Mabel's bedroom door at 5 o'clock precisely.

Dipper's still not exactly sure what mood Mabel's looking for today so he's only a bit dressed up; enough to show he's

putting in SOME effort, but not enough so that it's weird if this all turns out to be a big joke on her part. He's got on his in-tact pair of jeans, the one without any rips or tears and that fits him just right, a t-shirt that doesn't even have any science or math jokes on it for her to make fun of, and a mostly buttoned up dress shirt, untucked and red (hopefully Mabel enjoys the token effort to match the holiday), to replace his usual unbuttoned flannel. His head is bare and he feels all the colder for it, but he's managed to tame his tangles into something relatively neat and tidy, keeping a few curls over his forehead to cover his birthmark.

He hears footsteps walk right up to the door, but it stays closed. "Who is it?"

"Um... It's Dipper? This is when you wanted me to get you?"

"You're supposed to pick me up at the front door Dipper, not my bedroom! Don't you know how dates work?"

"...Seriously Mabel? C'mon, just open up."

"Nuh uh! Go outside and ring the doorbell like every other boy!"

He groans and stomps down the stairs, through the living room, out the door. He pulls it shut with a slam and hits the doorbell three times in frustration, foot tapping against the ground. It takes a few moments until the door swings back open, their dad on the other side, who gives Dipper a questioning look before scanning their yard, as if it had any answers.

"Dipper? What are you doing?"

"You know what Dad, I really don't know."

He hears pounding down the stairs and Mabel comes into view. First a pair of blood-red flats, then pink tights adorned with hearts that bubble up her legs, then the skirt of her dress. It's as dark a crimson as her footwear, but with a floral pattern of lighter-red roses to give it that extra detail that Mabel tends to prefer. She's got a big, exaggerated bow cinched around her waist, and the rest of her dress has the same pattern as the bottom, the top partially covered by a delicate pink open-front sweater. As she rounds out the bottom of the stairs he sees the maroon lipstick on her lips, a slight fuchsia blush on her cheeks that almost looks heart-shaped, a similarly colored headband holding back her nicely brushed curls, and two long, dangling cupid earrings hanging from her ears, and he remembers that Mabel doesn't do holidays halfway, no matter what the circumstance. He's starting to feel underdressed.

She dashes over to him and wraps an arm around his, plastering herself to his side, and he gets a whiff of some kind of perfume, a flower he's not really capable of identifying. "Hey Dad, this is Dipper! He's taking me out on a date tonight!" She points an accusing finger at him. "You better not act all overprotective and junk, he's a great guy!"

Their father's eyebrow pops up gracefully, with a hint of a smirk on his face, and Dipper just shrugs confusedly in response, lips in a line. It's not the first time either of them have been swept up in Mabel's wake though, so their dad adapts quickly enough. "Nice to meet you Dipper. You better take care of my daughter tonight, got it?"

Dipper groans, a light blush hitting his cheeks.

"And have her back by midnight, okay?"

Dipper groans and blushes harder.

Their dad chuckles and shakes his head, then takes out his phone. “Now lemme just, take a few pictures...”

“Is that really necessary?” Dipper exasperates.

“Of course it is,” they both say, Mabel with an exclamation point.

Their dad snaps a photo or two before Mabel jabs Dipper in the side to get him to stop making annoyed faces, and he manages to put on enough of a smile to make everyone happy. “Your mother’s gonna love this,” he hears his father mutter, and he’s right back to annoyed again.

Dad puts his phone away and breaks the illusion for just a second when he reaches over to the coat stand to hand them their jackets, just in case it gets cold later. “Have fun you two. Drive safe.”

Mabel chirps and Dipper grunts in agreement, and the two of them head for their old van their parents helped them get two years ago. He’s halfway around the back before he doubles back to open the door for her like she probably expects him to, before clambering into the driver’s side and starting it up.

“Welp,” he says, “let’s get this over with.”

“Geez Dip, don’t get TOO excited over there.”

He rolls his eyes and starts pulling out of the driveway, and as he turns to look behind him he gets another look at his sister. At the outfit she’s probably been looking forward to wearing since last February 14th, at the way her feet are bouncing cheerfully against the passenger side mat, at the bright, beaming ear-to-ear smile on her face that’s crinkling up her eyes. That’s how she *should* be feeling today—heck,

every day—and he hates that she had to ask *him* to get it. Guys should be jumping at the chance to make her so happy.

All she had was him though. And here he was acting like a grouch. He turns out of the driveway and shakes the grumpiness away, and decides right then and there that he's gonna go all out today. For her. He's still uncomfortable about it, sure, but if he can keep that smile on her face for the rest of the day, well, he can't see how that isn't a win.

He shifts into drive, and they head out. On their date.

Dipper's nowhere near an expert at planning dates, as evidenced by the hours through the night he spent scrolling through website dating tips, but after outlining and throwing away a dozen overly complicated plans he ended up deciding to keep things simple. Going TOO hard would only make them both feel awkward, almost definitely, so he stuck with a 'first date' sort of vibe. And there's nothing more 'first date' than the movies.

A couple sites suggested a movie wasn't ideal, since you're spending 2 hours silent and not looking at each other, but when THEY go to the movies they're usually riffing and laughing and in general just being an annoyance to everyone around them (they've gotten kicked out at least 10 times over the past few years), so he figures it's probably fine. He bought the tickets beforehand so they don't have to wait, and after getting drinks and snacks they find a spot in the back of the theater of some RomCom that he knows Mabel's been wanting to see, hopefully away enough from everyone else that no one will have to call any ushers.

They spend the first 15 or so minutes of the movie in silence, him kinda bored and her enrapt, but it doesn't take long before he says something sarcastic and she's half annoyed at him for nitpicking and half joining in, and soon they're trading snark and stupid jokes and snacks, throwing popcorn at each other, stealing sips out of each other's straws. They get a shush or two from a few people two rows ahead, but that's on the low side for them really, and it doesn't look like they frustrated anyone enough to call someone to kick them out.

An hour in they calm back down and start paying attention to the movie again, and he finds it entertaining enough to keep his focus on it. He glances to the side and sees Mabel leaning back in the too stiff seats, her heels lifting up and down with sticky squelches from old soda spills on the floor, and despite all that she seems content and cozy, like there was nowhere else she wanted to be right then.

It's right around then he gets an idea. She'll probably tease him mercilessly for it later, but when it strikes him it seems almost perfect; the exact goofy thing he needs to do to have her both amused and charmed in equal measures. He waits until something vaguely romantic happens in the movie, and he yawns. A big, wide yawn, one that has him throwing his hands up in the air to full express it. And when the arm adjacent to her comes back down he lays it across the back of her seat, just behind her head, and does his very best to keep his gaze forward and not burst into embarrassed laughter.

He hears a single restrained snort before she flips up the armrest and cuddles into his side, temple resting against his jaw, and he thinks that maybe this whole situation isn't so bad. They've cuddled up for movies plenty of times before,

though never in public, but it's dark and they're in the back and it's not like they're wearing any of their clothes that say TWINS on them, so it's probably okay. So he shifts a bit to better fit her against him and wraps his arm around her shoulders, and they stay like that until the credits start rolling and the lights undim.

They spend the drive to their next destination joking about the movie and that one real couple that actually DID get kicked out halfway through the movie for what they suspect was getting a little too into each other and exactly *which* bathroom was the grodiest (she doesn't get on him about his arm-around-the-shoulder move for which he is eternally grateful), until he parks their van in the lot and opens up the passenger door for her. When she spots the name of where they're at in big red-orange letters on the front of the building she has trouble settling on which emotion to express, shifting through a number of them until her face pinches in and her arms cross her chest.

"Chuck E. Cheese? You took me to *CHUCK E. CHEESE* for our VALENTINE'S DAY date??"

He shuts the passenger door. "Yup."

She throws her hands up. "Dip, what the hey? We're *supposed* to be chowin' down at some fancy restaurant that's got *flowers and candles* on the tables, not pizza grease and parmesan!"

"C'mon Mabel, I'm pretty sure we can't afford to eat at any of *those* places. Plus, most of them are all full up today anyway." He points a thumb at the entrance. "Let's just go in and check it out for a bit, and if you really wanna leave after that we can try somewhere else, okay?"

“...FINE.” She stomps past him and starts heading for the entrance ahead of him, but gets a few steps away before spinning back around on her heel and running over to grab his hand, tugging him after her. “C’mon you, you’re *STILL* my date, even if you took me to some gross pizza video game factory instead of somewhere NICE.”

Of course, once they get inside it takes her all of 5 minutes to forget her grumpiness. He knows Mabel probably *would’ve* appreciated a nice candlelit dinner with food she couldn’t pronounce and non-alcoholic versions of alcoholic drinks, but... not with *him*, no matter what they were out here doing today. This place is so much closer to their scene, and when she gasps and runs off for the ballpit after they’ve ordered some pizzas he can’t help but feel validated. They’ve got one more stop after this to hit that non-romantic romance anyway.

The ballpit’s only about thigh-deep, but when he climbs in after Mabel she’s already on all fours, half-crawling half-swimming through the multicolored plastic. When she spots him getting in she gets a wild, devious look on her face and dives, concealing herself completely, and he barely has any time to feel any ominous dread before she’s leaping out at him a few feet away belting out the Jaws theme. They collapse into the depths of the pit, squawking and laughing, no doubt making a few of the parents of the kids also in the ballpit give them the stink eye, but he’s too busy pushing himself away from his sister and scooping up spheres to toss at her forehead to care.

They play with each other and a few of the children who warm up to them (well, mostly to Mabel), but once their pizzas are ready they’re out and chowing down at a table, shoving slice after slice of greasy, cheesy, meaty goodness into their gobs. They’re the only ‘couple’ in the

establishment (duh, parents don't count) and the only people in their age bracket outside of some of the employees and a single girl who looks to be the older sister of a birthday boy, and it's strangely relieving. Mabel doesn't have to watch a bunch of lovebirds sucking face, making her own heartache fester, and being just about the only teens here means everyone's leaving them alone. Whatever weird bubble they entered when they left their house arm in arm stays whole and intact, something he doesn't think would've happened at any restaurant with flowers on the tables.

He jokingly says "You're not expecting us to feed each other food, are you?" and her eyes light up in a way that unnerves him. She closes her eyes and opens her mouth with an "aaah," and his eyes flick between her face and the pizza a few times before he peels off a pepperoni and flings it right in, causing her to choke slightly in surprise. She's peeved for about 3 seconds before the ballpit look comes back and she starts tossing pepperoni back, first one hitting him right in the eye for revenge but the rest aimed for his own open mouth, and they go back and forth trading pepperoni shots until all that's left on the pizza is cheese. They only miss like, three times total.

Okay, five. Seven at the most.

After that they get through a pizza and a half of the non-pepperoni parts of the pie and spend the next hour playing games and competing for tickets, bouncing from one thing to the next whenever they (read: Mabel) get bored. He stays barely ahead for most of it but then Mabel wins a jackpot on some random chance game and nearly doubles her winnings, and he knows he's gonna go to his grave believing that she somehow cheated, who cares if he can't figure out how.

She spends most of her tickets on a Newton's Cradle for him, he spends most of his on a big stuffed pig for her, and they use their leftovers to buy a hundred plastic rings that Mabel promptly puts on all her fingers.

The boat rental place at Lakeside Park is *technically* closed at this time of night, but so is the park itself, and they're already trespassing there so what's one more locked gate? They help each other over like they did with the first one, Mabel squealing with a hushed but frantic energy and Dipper doing his best to act like he isn't conflicted about his own plan, and after looking through their options they manage to find a nice little rowboat that's only secured with rope. They untie it and take their seats, and with one last look around the park he starts rowing out into the water.

It ends up being much harder than he expected, both to actually do the motion and to keep in a straight line. It must paint a *very* romantic picture, him grunting and breathing hard with every row while sweat pours down his forehead, or so says Mabel, with the exact level of teasing sarcasm honed over the years of being his sister that gets him the most annoyed. It only takes him four rows to figure out how to move the paddles in just the right way to splash water on her. She screeches about how cold the water is, but that doesn't stop her from dunking her hand in over the side and flicking droplets at him.

He gets them a few hundred feet into the lake and figures that's probably good enough. He sets the paddles out of the way and pulls a nice, soft blanket out of the bag he brought along with them, as well as a couple small pillows. It's a bit awkward, but there's just enough room on the floor of the boat for them to curl up next to each other, pillows behind their heads, and he gathers up the blanket and unfurls it

over the two of them, keeping them toasty in the chill of the night.

He can't help the surrounding city light pollution, but the park itself is dark and it gives them a lovely, beautiful view of the sky above. The moon is a few days past full but it's still bright and brilliant, a shining pearl among a thousand glittering dots. The jokes and goofing quiet down and they just lie there, spending half the time talking about whatever comes to mind and half in comfortable silence.

Mabel shuffles in closer (it *is* pretty chilly out right now), her head leaning against his, and wraps her arm around his waist, pulling him flush and tight against her. It's actually pretty unusual for them to be *this* close, but in the moment it just feels... nice, and safe, and right, and he shifts the arm around her elbows to hug her just as tight.

They can still hear the occasional car horn off in the distance but it's mostly silent, the only other sounds being the tiny puffs of breath whistling through their noses and the gentle slaps of the water as the boat sloshes lightly back and forth. They're warm and toasty now against each other, their collective heat kept in by the wool around them, and while the scent of fish and algae stings his nostrils he doesn't mind at all, because the scent of Mabel more than overwhelms it, the flowers he can't recognize and the moisturizer on her face and the cherry on her lips. He's... never really considered just how pleasant his sister smells. Is that a weird thing to think? Probably. He feels a little bad all she's getting from him is probably Axe and sweat (that's *also* probably weird to think).

"Hey Dip?" Mabel says, when the moon is at the top of its arc and casting its light so fully on them. He shifts to look into her eyes. "This is prolly the best date I've ever been on."

His eyebrow pops up. "Really?" His free hand goes up to scratch the hair on his chin. "That's... actually kinda sad, sis."

She gives him a sour look and slaps his belly with the hand resting on it, the dozen plastic rings on her fingers making it extra painful.

"Ow!"

"Here I was tryna be NICE to you, and where's it get me? Teasing and insults! What kinda person *does* that to their own sibling??"

He snorts out a laugh and shakes his head, scratching against hers as he does, and runs his hand down her arm. "Hey Mables?" Her eyes pinch suspiciously, and he continues. "This is the best date I've ever been on too."

A slow smile spreads across her face, and she tucks her head into his neck. "...Pfft, nerd."

He rolls his eyes, and focuses on the warm breath against his skin.

They stay huddled together until his phone alarm goes off, alerting them it's time to head back home. They spent a couple minutes grumbling about having to leave, and after one last deep breath of her (*definitely* weird) he pushes the both of them up. He takes the blanket off of him and wraps it fully around Mabel, and starts rowing back, the both of them quiet again. It's a much harder effort going back, the exhaustion of the day seeping into his muscles, but it's not long until the boat's tied back to its piling on the dock and they're over two fences back to their van. And with one last look out towards the middle of the lake, they head back home

He helps her out of the passenger seat like a gentleman, even though he knows she'd hate it on any other day. But she smiles in appreciation, and he's *happy*, happy that she's happy, that she didn't have to spend this day head inside a sweater on her bed. Maybe Mabel put this day in an odd context, but they were really just spending time together, and that's never a bad thing. Plus, it didn't end up anywhere near as weird as it could've been. He considers the whole enterprise a resounding success.

They walk up to the door to their home, porchlight on and waiting for them, and he starts fishing out his keys from his pocket. "Well," he says as his fingers push beneath his wallet, "there's your non-date date. Hope that's what you wanted."

She giggles lightly into the calm air around them. "S'alright. I GUESS. Still coulda used some fancier food, maybe some drinks that cost ten dollars..."

"Well next time YOU can be the one to pay for it."

"No, next time we're dinin' and dashing! What's more romantic than that!?"

He shakes his head and pulls the keys out of his pocket, sliding it into the lock. But before he turns it all the way, Mabel taps his shoulder.

"Um, excuse me???" He turns back to look at her with confusion and she sets her hands on her hips. "SEEMS like this was a mostly successful date so... where's my goodnight kiss?"

A dozen simultaneous groans go off in his head, but he manages to keep all of them from being vocalized by letting

go of the key and sliding a hand down his face. “Aw c’mon Mables, we managed to get through this night without it getting *too* weird, can we not push it?”

“Good dates gotta end in kisses, that’s just how it is! Now just come over here and plant one on me!” She beckons him to come closer with her hands.

“I’m *not* kissing you Mables, that’s not what I signed up for! Too weird!!”

“You puttin’ it off is way weirder than you just doing it! Now c’mon, gimme some sugar brobro!”

This time he can’t help the noise that rumbles out his throat, something loud and irritated and oh-so-done with his sister’s shenanigans. He takes a step closer and presses a hummingbird-like peck on the pink-flush of her cheek, in and out as quick as possible to keep his own cheeks from getting too red.

“There. Happy?”

She looks at him like he just slapped her in the face, mouth agape, head reeling back. “...A CHEEK kiss? Really?? THAT’S your big move???” She covers her face with her palms. “Oh, *Dipper*.”

“I-it’s my move when kissing my sister! That’s a *normal* move for that!!”

Her hands slide down to show her eyes, now squinting at him in frustration. “Well, that’s not the kind of kiss you end a date on! Now do it right!” She leans in closer, eyelids shut and index fingers pointing at her lips, and exaggerates a pucker at him. If she’s doing this to melt his face off with pure blazing embarrassment, it’s working.

“You... you *can't* be serious, Mabel.”

“Do it!” she says, through the pucker.

As much as he wants to turn right back around and head into the house, it's clear that Mabel's not letting him off the hook here. She's coming dangerously close to going too far, but he can't really say she's *crossed the line* yet. This is just, next level getting his goat. And... well, maybe she has a point. Maybe *he's* the weird one for drawing this out for so long. It's not like they haven't lip-kissed before... though, the last time had to have been in elementary school. That kind of thing is way more acceptable then.

Whatever.

He's not sure why Mabel's pushing so hard for *this* of all things, but he's cold and tired and maybe a little sore from the rowing, and she... *probably* just wants some extra affection today, or a long-lasting thing to tease him about, and he can't really find it in his heart to deny her those things on this, the most Mabel of all holidays.

So he takes a deep breath, exhales out a sigh, hopes that no neighbors are looking out their windows at this time of night, and darts in to pop a quick smooch on her waiting lips, before quickly pulling away.

...

Before... *quickly* pulling away.

...

PULLING. AWAY.

...

Why isn't he pulling away!?!

Time starts to crawl, the internal clock in his head ticking slow and sluggishly as his brain goes into overdrive. It's sending out checks, queries, *distress signals* to every muscle in his body trying to figure out why all of them are locked in position, keeping his mouth against hers. He's *done* here, he can stop doing the thing now! Mabel got her goodnight kiss, there wasn't a *mandatory minimum* on the length of contact, he can take himself off her soft, glossy lips now, the one's that probably taste like fruit and pizza and *why is he thinking about what she tastes like?!*

God, they're just so... *warm*, and inviting, and *soft* did he mention that one, why are they those things they *shouldn't be those things*. Time's definitely moving a lot slower but he's still been kissing her for WAY too long and he's starting to panic. There's still some issue somewhere though, some terrible short circuit, because when he usually goes into a tizzy he does it with his whole body but his whole body isn't moving anymore. Not in any of the right ways anyway. It feels Mabel's stuck-out pucker relax and his head shifts to follow it, his lips sucking lightly to pull one of hers between them with a gentle smack and *whyyyyyyyyyyy???*

He needs to *stop*, right now, before *he's* the one going too far, if he hasn't already hit that mark however many infinite-seconds ago. He needs to push himself off, give an awkward laugh, pretend he was just playing some messed up game of chicken that he couldn't follow through on. He feels his hand start to move, *finally*, and he starts a celebration in his head now that he's actually getting ready to push himself away—

He reaches out to grab the hand now by her side and clasp her fingers between his and his mind goes up in

flames.

This is it. He's done for. He's gone off the deep end, done something he can't take back, and the worst part is he's *enjoying* it, every bit, every sensation, even as he knows he shouldn't be. The tickle of warm air from her nostrils, the slippery wax of her lipstick, the flowers and lotion now completely overpowering him, the way the tips of her fingers twitch between his scratching plastic against his skin. He shouldn't *know* what it's like to feel any of that, not like *this*, and he doesn't know why it's happening, why his lips keep pulling delicately at hers, why his hand is threading its fingers between hers, why it's *so hard* for him to pull himself away, why...

Why she hasn't done it either.

It starts out as a low grumble, barely audible. A tickling at the edge of his senses, immediately categorized as something completely worth addressing, especially when it's arguably the most important thing happening in the entire world. With each eternal second that passes it gets just a bit louder, a fraction more exhilarating, and while it doesn't get any noisier than a whisper it still rips through him like a siren. A quiet, contented hum against his lips.

...Huh.

He was so focused on him kissing her, he didn't even realize that *she's kissing him back*. Matching him smack for smack. He finally notices how tightly her hand is holding on to his, notices her other hand gripping the fabric of his coat on at the shoulder, notices that she's just a bit closer than when they started, notices her mouth upturned into a smile. They're *both* head deep in this moment, and he has absolutely no idea what to do with that information.

So he just... stops trying to do anything. If this is all one long joke on her part, it backfired, or maybe she got him, got him more than she's ever gotten him before, but whatever the case there's no going back. They're IN this, and he's just gonna go along with it, just enjoy the feeling of her against him, of her heat in a way he's never felt it before, of the slowly building euphoria in his chest. There're still sparks flying in his brain but if the rest of his body isn't listening to it, why should he have to? He can just, let his free hand move to settle at her waist, just barely, like he's just making sure she *has* a waist, and he can delight in the feeling of her fingers tapping their way from his coat up his neck and hover just above his cheek, and he can—

He can hear the doorknob turn with one devastatingly audible click.

Their eyes shoot open, sudden, abject terror bouncing between their stares, and they're hands fly to shove each other away. She almost tumbles off the sidewalk into the grass, he almost bangs against the house, but they both course correct and spin toward the door just in time to stand soldier erect as the door opens, their father standing on the other side.

He looks at the two of them with surprise. "Kids? I *thought* I heard something at the door, what are you—"

"HELLO FATHER O' MINE!" Mabel says, far too loud and far too awkwardly, "WE DEFINITELY WEREN'T DOING ANYTHING WEIRD OR CONFUSING OR ANYTHING, NO SIR!!"

"Uh, oka—"

"ISN'T THAT RIGHT BROTHER O' MINE!?" she continues, not turning her head toward Dipper in the slightest.

He nods frantically, his teeth biting down hard on his lips. He should probably back her up better than that, or better yet take over since she's already spiraling, but he's too busy running his tongue between his lips to make sure there's no lipstick on them and *oh my god there might be SISTER LIPSTICK on his lips oh god oh god.*

"SEE! HE AGREES WITH ME I THINK, NOTHING STRANGE OR LIFE-CHANGING HAPPENIN' ON *THIS* HERE PORCH, TELL YA WHAT!"

Their dad gives them another look, a pretty familiar to the two of them by now, one of those 'what is wrong with my kids' parent looks, but he thankfully doesn't follow up on it, opting to check his watch instead. "O...kay then. Well, I don't like how late you guys got back, but I'll give you a pass since I know you were just trying to cheer Mabel up. Just, don't make a habit of it, okay?" He steps aside so they can get in. "Now get to bed, it's nearly 1 o'clock and you have school tomorrow."

Dipper nods frantically again, and he assumes Mabel does too, and they rush to the stairs, shoulders bumping hard as they try to go up at the same time. He steps back with a throat clear and she zooms on up, him heading up right after her, and they scramble their way up to the doors of their side-by-side bedrooms, their dad mumbling in confusion behind them.

They stop just short of entering their rooms though. It takes some effort but he manages to turn to look at her and finds her already facing him, mouth open and ready to say something but nothing coming out. He tries to offer his own words but runs into the same problem, and they stand in front of each other mouths hanging open for too long, longer than anything they may or may not have done a minute ago.

His muscles are frozen again, and it's almost *worse* than the other time, because this is the moment he needs to make sure things are *okay*, to make sure he didn't mess things up forever, to make sure that whatever the heck happened down there, she's still his sister, he's still her brother. He's too scared that if they step into their rooms without saying SOMETHING, then things will be different forever, in the worst way possible.

But eventually, Mabel's jaw closes, bottom lip between her teeth, and she thinks for a second before taking a deep breath. Her adjacent hand starts moving toward him, slow and tentatively, occasionally swinging back like the movement is just a whim of hers, until she finally closes the gap and hooks her pinky around his, pulling him a little closer. She gives him a smile, a tiny one that is so uncharacteristic for her but that still manages to hit her shining copper eyes, the ones pointed and gazing at his.

"Hey, Dip?" she says, other hand running down a lock of her hair. "...Thanks. For today."

And suddenly he finds himself more than a bit foolish. For thinking that something like that, however weird it was, could mess them up. They might have to hash things out later (*much* later, hopefully), but... they were *okay*. He can tell, from the smile on her face, from the look in her eyes. She got the day she wanted, and he was able to give it to her, and they were *okay*. So he closes his mouth and smiles back, wraps his pinky around hers a little tighter, and does his best to mirror her calming gaze.

"Anytime, Mables."

They let each other go and they head into their bedrooms, dual clacks of the doorknobs behind him, and he

goes to sleep thinking about cherries.

Bibliography

fallsintoapit.tumblr.com/post/170881397345/valenpines-day

Valenpines Day

Of COURSE it's called valenpines day u dingleberries what the heck else would it be called

Dedicated to [@in-your-face-elizabeth](#). This one's for u homeslice

Happy Valentine's Day y'all.

Content: Gravity Falls

Pairing: Pinecest, sorta

Rating: T

Notes: They are aged up to 17. ~7.5k words

Summary: After a string of bad breakups, Mabel goads Dipper into taking her on a no-pressure 'platonic date' on Valentine's Day. Fluff happens.

[\[AO3 Link\]](#)

Disclaimer: Probably don't do this w/ ur sibling.

archiveofourown.org/works/13683270